

# **Vox**

Vol. X

MARCH, 1937

No. 3

UNITED COLLEGES

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

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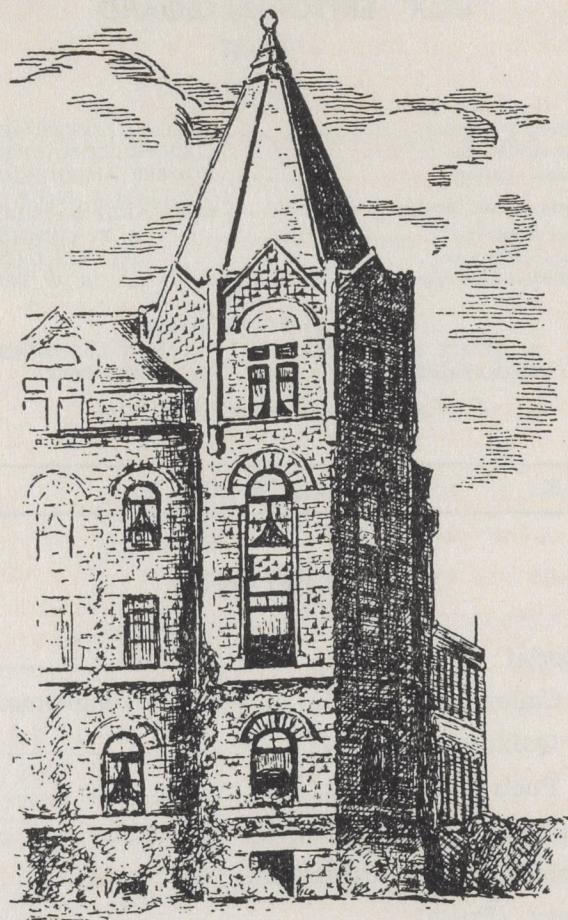
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=\* BILL THORNE '37

## *Editorial*

OUR recently deceased contemporary, Volume 23 of *The Manitoban*, in an editorial headed "A University Magazine," regrets the fact that the literary talent of the University is being wasted on "little magazines, resplendent in colorful covers, containing an assortment of blank verse stanzas dedicated to spring, summer, autumn, winter, and mistress' eyebrows, plus a thesis on the perambulations of the protoza together with a book review and an article on the love life of some eighteenth century bard," in other words, the faculty magazine. In that there are only six such publications on the campus of the University, three of which are the production of technical faculties, and hence ruled out, and one in French, and hence incomprehensible to the critic, the object of the attack is rather obvious. One must excuse the editor of *The Manitoban*, however, on the grounds that he is governed by a seemingly innocuous phrase in italics under the name of the paper in the mast-head—"For a Unified University." The implications of the phrase have been somewhat ignored during the past year by *The Manitoban*, and it was probably felt that its inclusion must be justified in some manner—whence the zeal for a University Magazine. In all fairness we must confess that next year we too will change our tune. Meanwhile, however, we are Editor of *Vox*.

It cannot but be admitted that there is a great deal of justification for some of the criticism—"that the contributions are drawn from a class known variously as the 'morons,' 'the cream of the intelligentsia,' etc.," that an endeavor is made to maintain a cultural atmosphere by the exclusion of jokes, that a good deal of the material content is made up of "sentimental claptrap and evanescent verbiage." Although *Vox* cannot admit the latter charge as frankly as it might wish, one can certainly agree with the first two, while pleading for a fair consideration of the circumstances surrounding the composition of a faculty magazine, and the system of student government under which it operates.

The editor of a faculty publication is subjected to pressure from three sides, pressure which medical men would stigmatize as a direct cause of dementia praecox. There are, in a faculty, a small group of reasonably intelligent students, contemptuously referred to as the "cream of the intelligentsia," from whom contributions of a fairly high calibre are expected and received. It would be a joy were it possible to direct the editorial policy of a magazine with these in view as readers and critics. There are also one or two cap-

able of appreciating any attempt at cultural advancement which might be undertaken by the magazine through the medium of articles by outside contributors and faculty members. But the largest class is that composed of average students, to whom the word student is hardly applicable, whose reading tastes lie in the realm covered by "Academic Antics." And it is this group which, by faithfully contributing its forty cents per year, pays for the magazine. This is the primary consideration for any faculty editor. Regardless of the grandiose dreams of his academic superiors for a second *Queens Quarterly* in this metropolis of the west, regardless of the offended tastes and carping criticisms of the intellectually alert, it is patently his duty to bear tidings "which shall be to *all* people." He must sell his soul for forty cents, forty pieces of copper.

The criticisms of the editors of *Vox* in the past five years have been numerous and bitter, and, interesting fact, from all three factions. To date an attempt to steer a middle course has failed. Discontent is bound to continue if the editor is given his just due—control of the policy of his magazine. But it is not too much to ask of the critics that they take into consideration this situation of triple pressure and save him at least from Selkirk or Brandon.

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## CONTRIBUTORS

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## THE COLLEGE OF TODAY IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

A. R. CRAGG

THE British Broadcasting Corporation started a series of talks last summer called, "I Protest," in which speakers were allowed to protest against anything that would seem worth while protesting. We can be very certain there was no shortage of topics, and no lack of zeal and enthusiasm in exercising the freshly granted privilege. If there is one thing that mankind in general is inclined to do with some readiness, it is to protest. And for not a few, the last twenty years or even more have been a period in which presidents and deans, professors and lecturers, alumni and not wholly disinterested laymen have joined in a chorus of protest against education, until the reports and addresses and articles have made a library of lamentation.

When Woodrow Wilson was still President of Princeton, he spoke of the note of apology everywhere for education, of the lack of definiteness of aim in teaching, and the hopeless confusion and utter dispersion of energy among students. Nicholas Murray Butler, then President of Columbia, lamented the tendency of academic institutions to drift with the tide rather than to formulate definite policies and to labor for their execution; and the tendency to be made the prey of every passing whim rather than to pick up the slack in discipline, to accept the responsibility for passing upon relative values, and to dispel the confusion between general training and vocational preparation; the choice of which, he claimed, would be a choice between suicide and salvation.

Less dignified protesters have condemned our "curriculum as chaotic, our college professor as a cloistered recluse out of touch with the broad human currents of contemporary life, and our students as vagrants of the higher life, and college days themselves, as at best, a pleasing interlude after strenuous high school days and before the more serious activities of life."\* It is a sign of hope that the protesters, whether dignified or undignified, were often those who knew the college best.

Higher Education has actually become popular, attracting thousands of young people from every walk of life. Here we find students whose parents belong to the oldest traditions and others whose parents are New Canadians; here, those who come to spend four years of leisurely loafing, and many more who have to practise rigidly planned economy; here, those who have some notion of

a purpose, and those whose only purpose seems to be to have no purpose; here, young idealists eager to go crusading, and young adventurers who must have demanded "their share of the family portion which falleth to them" to spend, if not in riotous living in this far country, at least in aimless living. Truly, university and college halls can be called the "melting pot" of nations and of social classes.

According to one writer, who made an extensive survey\* of fourteen of the higher institutions, the most vulnerable point of this higher education is the diversion of interests of the students from the true aims of the college. Athletics, dramatics, social activities, and a multitude of extra (really intra) curricular activities have cut down to the minimum the attention given to studies. As President Wilson used to say, "The side-shows are so numerous that they have swallowed the circus, and we in the main tent do not know what is going on."

Those who have been the smartest of the student body and have not needed to work to lead the pack have often been the guiltiest in the side-showing. They have always been able to find enough patrons to give the side-shows the appearance of a real circus, without the need of a main tent. The performance is, as a rule, excellent. No generation has ever had such clever children, athletically, dramatically, socially. Therein lies the tragedy. For no generation ever has had so many problems crying out for capable leaders to solve them. All the tight-rope walking and loop-the-looping will not hint at even a makeshift solution.

At its best, the college is the birthplace of noble ideals, enduring friendships and deep, broad understandings. At its worst, it is a winter resort where young men and women may gather for the purpose of "rubbing off the rough corners, of knowing how to meet people, and of getting in the swim of things, as if there were some magic elixir in academic atmosphere which should transform bustling and purposeless undergraduates into gentlemen and ladies of culture." Parents have not been blameless in the matter. Those with money gave it lavishly to their young-bloods; and those who hadn't pinched in their own expenditures in order to keep up appearances, "all in the hope of providing their children with everything but energy of mind and decision of character necessary to accomplish anything worth while." Parents have known all along that hard work and high-mindedness develop personality and leadership, and yet they expect almost a miracle from snap exposures to either one

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\*Quotations from this survey.

of these. Two such exposures occur twice yearly, and the side-showers make their diurnal migrations from executive offices, common room and playing field to the dull routine of belated assignments and to the rapid osmosis of notes.

Some college presidents have been brave enough to tell us that the curriculum-makers are the guilty parties without clearcut notions of "what a liberal education is and how it is to be secured; and that there is little wonder at the confusion of values and the inevitable springing up of the heresy of equivalence of studies; viz., that one study is as good as another for liberal education, provided it is well taught; that professionalism has all but upset our equilibrium from above, and the secondary schools from below in their insistent clamor for more and more practical subjects for entrance admission into Higher Education." "Further, while this process has been gaining, there has not been any steady front presented from within; within academic circles, the battle rages between the philologist and the dilettante, between the cult of discipline and the cult of interest, between the upholders of teaching and the upholders of research, between the champions of ancient languages and the champions of modern languages, between the advocates of cultural and vocational pursuits." Evidently if young people are waiting for a rallying cry, they will wait. They should not have to wait. Who has ever claimed that Jack was as good as his master in the educational arena?

"The democracy for which we ought to be fighting today is more than a program of equal rights for all in human living; it will not rest less on equal rights, but it will rest more on the ideals of brotherhood and service; it will not be less political and legal, perhaps, but it will be infinitely more social and spiritual." The problems of this new democracy for the world of tomorrow are the opportunities of the college education of today, based upon the philosophy of education as an instrument for human living.

Will there be unprecedented demands in the colossal work of reconstruction for trained men and women? The British Labor Party, the sound British type, has already placed broad responsibilities upon education. Every citizen in tomorrow's world must have a voice in his own welfare and he cannot know his own welfare without a "thorough education in human living" in the college of today. Arthur Henderson has prophesied that the coming period of reconstruction will impose upon educated leaders of all civilized states new and searching tests of character and intellect. "We must create a race of men and women within our college halls, who shall

find reward for their work far less in pecuniary and personal aggrandisement, and far more in the work itself, and in the part it will play in the well-being of society as a whole." Those who believe that society must be fed and clothed, and that, after that, society does not exist for mere perpetual wealth production, see in these times more urgent demands than ever for men and women of vision, of unselfishness, of power to think and work, all in close harmony with their fellow-beings. Let the day-dreaming in class be patterned after this fashion rather than out of the memories of last evening functions and next week's social event! Surely those who look for unity in our social and political life, and for freedom for development in our individual life, are to be found within our colleges. That aim ought to be as clear and definite in college, as the technical aim is in the technical school. Is not the job of bridging chasms in our civic, national and international life more important than the bridging of the rivers that run to the sea?

If this is to be the task of the college of today for the world of tomorrow, the college must cultivate human interests and standards. "It probably has no higher function than to impress upon every student that he or she is a social being, a 'civis,' a citizen who may not live unto himself in aristocratic and intellectual isolation. He is to cultivate a passion for service and not for frittering. That passion is to be disciplined and refined and humanized, like to the passion of Arnold's apostles of equality for "diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge of their times; who labor to divest knowledge of all that is harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it effective outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, and yet to keep it the best knowledge and thought of the time." This is what might be called the deeply disciplined emotional side of the college training.

The second part is as old as the colleges themselves: the love of knowledge for its own sake; the long and deep meditation upon science, mathematics, history, literature, philosophy and religion. College students must know and know that they know. Classrooms and libraries are not places for pooled prejudices. The very secrets of nature and human nature are to be discovered. Minds are "to come to themselves." We have heard sermons galore on "where there is no vision, the people perish" and have forgot or have never known that the same Book says "where there is no knowledge, the people perish." No apology is here offered for saying that the receptive minds of young people from seventeen to twenty-one years of

age are to be crammed, not twice a year, but all the year with facts and more facts. At no other time in your life will those facts stick as readily, and at no other time will they prove "the good seed that will bring forth a harvest, some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, and some one hundred-fold." Yes, we stand by our ancient aim. It is still up-to-date. It is the second part of our aim, set in the first part: humanistic interests and standards, and knowledge set therein.

The third part of the aim has never been realized in its true perspective. If it had been, there would not have been as much bickering between the champions of cultural interests and those of practical vocational interests. Professor Dewey states the aim in, "To find out what one is fitted to do, and to secure an opportunity to do it is the key to happiness." A nurse registers in First Year Arts. She wants the broad cultural training for her fine service later to humanity. Is there any reason that she should not be encouraged all along the line of studies to find her professional specialties in cultural generalities? Will she know any less of literature if she catches visions of using that literature in passing the monotonous hours with patients, either for herself, or for the purpose of reading to them? Will her chemistry be any the less academic if it is used in nursing experimentation? She fortunately knows what she wants to do and can be expected to make the connections between culture and professional training. The majority of students do not know their aptitudes. Is this then not a new angle of approach; viz: to test out when registering and in every subject to be studied certain likes and dislikes and certain abilities and disabilities? Can we expect young people to know "what makes for breadth, for freedom, for service, for the cultivation of intellectual and personal ideals"? Why should we not cater to all and sundry, and allow them, even encourage them, to turn aside at any time in their college career, and to follow their particular "bent"? We should be expected as administrators and teachers to be able to see that "bent" at all times in a cultural background. Will not the cultural background be all the richer when the "bent" is found? Will there not be more desire on the part of the boy or girl with the "bent" to remain the full time?

Then and probably not till then will the student be, as Havelock Ellis suggests he should be, "a serene spectator of the absurdity of the world, and at the same time, a strenuous worker in the rationalization of the world!" But who is to try to accomplish all this? Surely educational nipples are not to be supplied to mere spectators and dawdlers! Are not the students capable of being anxious to

(Continued on page 28)

## ARS QUIXOTICA

NEIL A. DEWAR

BACK in the late fall of 1930, in the relatively halcyon days before either the Nazi nightmare or the Five-Year Plan were *faits accomplis*, a solemn body of martially uniformed aesthetes foregathered in the shadow of the Kremlin and announced that "the method of art is the method of dialectic materialism," and that artists should abandon "individualism" as a "petty bourgeois attitude," accept the viewpoint of the proletariat and develop art as one of the weapons of the working class in the universal struggle for power. Such were the cultural fruits of Stalinism. Earlier in the era the great God Lenin had displayed a distressingly bourgeois admiration for Beethoven and Bernhardt, while his satellite, Trotsky, had championed art's right to be judged by its own laws; but by 1930 Lenin existed only as a mummified substitute for the Deity, and Trotsky in exile was simply a modern counterpart of the wandering Jew. A schism in the Communist party had fostered a new dispensation, which "assumed that book production can be planned in advance, like the production of textiles or steel," and prattled glibly about "collective creation" and "the seizure of power in the arts." Creative independence was tabooed. The new rulers denounced with vehemence those Slavic Cosmists who vainly sought "a new dazzling road for the planet," and ridiculed with some justice, I must admit, those mystical youths who desired to "seize the reins of our wind-blown thoughts and ply to the nowhere in our charlatansky sharabang," while wooing a vapoury Muse whose essays in Imagism were designed to read equally well from either end. For such nebulous paronomasia, declared the Commissar, there was no place in the proletarian state, and the authorities were prepared, if necessary, to bring recalcitrant scribblers into line with the aid of a little violence. A campaign was launched in the official organ, *Pravda*, with headlines that screamed of "Literary Sabotage" and "Treason on the Home Front." Men who claimed an artistic privilege of "removing the veils from reality" were compelled to exercise that privilege in solitary confinement on the Siberian steppes; men who refused to prostitute their genius for the workers' cause were driven to the composition of swan songs in their own life-blood. Art was being put on a factory basis, under which material would be collected by reporters, collated by specialists and crystallized by hacks into an offensive blend of Social Realism and Red Romanticism, portraying the world process as an evolutionary crescendo

towards Stalinism. The new Bolsheviks were determined to "organize the psyche of the toiling masses," and their triumph was magnificent: they achieved an absolute stifling of all creative endeavour between the Urals and the Caspian Sea.

While this tragic opera was being enacted in the Near East, the cognoscenti of post-war letters were tilting with a futile fury at imaginary windmills, or dashing madly about in the deserts of their own creation and hiding their heads in the sands. These juvenile gymnasts were vaguely aware of the menace of materialism and seized upon science as their *bête noir*; they resurrected the celebrated disagreement between Arnold and Huxley and proclaimed the superiority of humane letters to empirical science as a way of wisdom. Darwin and Spencer had purged the universe of poetry, while Freud and Adler were explaining creative activity as the sublimation of scatological desires; and the frantic dilettantes sought to exorcize the bogey men with an old-fashioned snobbery and a new species of black magic. Mr. T. S. Eliot, dabbled in Catholic classicism, decried the "curious Freudian — social — mystical — rationalistic — higher — Critical interpretation of literature," and yearned for some unsanitary cloister in which the man of sense would have an unlimited opportunity to contemplate his navel and indulge in the meticulous dissection of metaphysical hairs. Prof. Irving Babbitt denounced "Naturalism" as preached by Francis Bacon and the thoroughly un-Baconian Rousseau, declared that "all the good things which are connected with manners and with civilization" were the work of pious gentlemen, and revamped the *dix-huitième* ideal of the private salon in which the man of leisure might shut himself off from harsh reality and wallow in the amenities of culture and the felicitous exchange of social gossip. When it became evident that humanity was losing faith in such literary panaceas and swinging into step with the men of science, the literati withdrew into a world of personal experience and individual ecstasy, tilled the Parnassien weed of "l'art pour l'art," and toyed with the inept theories of undisciplined punctuation and etymological gibberish; they played the sedulous ape to Mr. E.E. Cummings and wrote about "the Pythagorean sesquipedelia of the panepistemion, grunted and gromwelled, ichabod, habbakuk, opanoff, uggamyg, hapaxle, gomenon, pppppffff," or what you will. The quotation is from James Joyce's "Work in Progress," and anyone's guess is as good as mine. In any case the lone consequence of this verbal revelry has been that scores of delirious undergraduates and deluded farm boys are perpetrating "poetry" upon a bewildered public, a few critical opportunists have

built an ephemeral reputation by interpreting the rigmarole as "thinking raised to a more than ordinary intensity," and society at large has disposed of the whole affair as a comparatively innocuous manifestation of that curious lunacy under which the world is furiously arming itself against its imminent suicide.

I shall not bore you now by discussing Mr. Mencken's little theory that modern art is simply the pastime of the spiritually decadent and the "intellectually immature," but it does seem to me that unless poetry hastens to revitalize itself at the Pierian fountain, it is destined rapidly to retrogress towards that primitive guttural in which it had its origin. As things stand at present, the man of letters would be well advised to draw the obvious moral from an elementary survey of literary history. Pre-Socratic Magi made a haunting melody of the most forbiddingly metaphysical of themes; Dante and Chaucer sang with a more than amateurish insight of the nature of humours and Hell; and even as late as the sixteenth century, in the post-Ptolemaic twilight before Scripture was wholly discredited, the moral Milton penned a fervent epic upon the adventures of an attractive Devil who darted nonchalantly around in the extra-mundane chaos and matched his wits with his God. These men made brilliant music of the intellectual currents of their times. Since the incorporation of empiricism, however, and the Royal Society's insistence upon a "mathematical plainness" of speech, the dominant tendency has been for the paths of literature and science increasingly to diverge; and while the truth-seekers have described an ever changing absolute with all the verbal inflation of Kant & Darwin, the poets have grown constantly more obscure and insipid until they threaten to outdo even the philosophers in the fine art of incoherent profundity. What between Mr. Joyce and the Soviet campaign for social propaganda, art is today perched precariously with one foot in the grave and the other waving about in frantic iconoclasm in the hope of convincing itself that it is still alive. That, of course, presents a problem for the Euthanasians; but in the meantime certain academic Isaiahs might at least clamber down from their lecterns and give us something more aesthetically significant than hysterical pacifism in a subterranean vault. We have already languished too long under the twofold delusion that poetry is a mere stimulus of pleasurable emotion, while Mr. Poincare's "convenient conventions" have a more than pragmatic truth; and if we are ever to be freed from these popular fallacies . . . .

Let us bow our heads and pray!

## THE POETRY CONTEST

This year's poetry contest is disappointing. On the whole verse makers avoided the insipidity of smoothly turned conventional verse. But in most cases they failed to justify the attempt at freedom. Only one piece exhibited significance or distinction in either matter or manner. This may have been due to the nature of the contest. It might be wiser to define the requirements—to ask for humorous verses, for heroic couplets, for sonnets, or for poems on a specific theme. Contestants this year seemed to lack both direction and energy and there was little proof of labour performed under the discipline imposed by a sense of craftsmanship. Poetry is the intense expression of vital experience whatever else it may be. The experience is surely among our students. Competent expression in the poetic medium seems yet to seek. An annual contest such as this may justify itself if it serves to reveal this latter fact and stimulate a desire to challenge it. The contestants may discuss the matter over a cup of tea.

The awards are as follows:

1. To a Poet.
2. As Loved our Fathers.
3. Evening at Basswood Lake.

Reported for the Department of English,

—A. L. P.

### TO A POET

Why do you sing still of solitude,  
And quiet places,  
Of woody slopes, a turbulent rill,  
Blue skies and seas, the robin's trill,  
When all that I see is a multitude  
Of human faces?

Here is the place where I must live  
My span of life.  
Is all the comfort that you can give  
Flee from this strife?  
Is there not beauty in crowds of men  
Of streets, of houses, and chimney stacks?  
Is this not a virgin forest too with  
Mobile vigour that Nature lacks:

Then why do you leave me thus and stand  
Futile, alone.  
In the midst of green sand  
And sterile stone,  
Hymning the dead on the edge of the  
Promised land.

—M. D. GILCHRIST, '37.

## AS LOVED OUR FATHERS

As loved our fathers, let us love old things;  
Grass in fields, stirred by warm winds;  
Leaves in woody groves whispering quietly:  
Rain making spotty patterns on burning ground,  
The glint of rivulets made by melting snow,  
The far speck of horizon uninvaded by trees:  
And put away this hour of whirring belt,  
The piston threshing in its steel tomb;  
The squeal of turning metal in the lathe,  
Clouds of foul smoke killing foliage, slowly  
blackening,  
Faces hungry, hammer, sickle, marching,  
cheering;  
Smells of sweat, grime, oil, and chemicals;  
For tears fall into rivers here,  
To speed far out to sea.

—W. A. MCKAY, Theo.

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## EVENING AT BASSWOOD LAKE

Here stay for me the feverish bustling round  
Through many days. Let my dulled sense find  
Each gentle woodland sound.  
Here let the lazy ripplings of the tide,  
As on the pebbled beach its waters climb  
Under the chafing wind,  
Bring to the tired soul, forgetfulness of time.

Sweet rest that follows every joyous day,  
Uncovering the beauty of the night  
To men who tire of play;  
Sweet coolness of the quiet-falling dusk,  
Absolving us from heated passion's sway:  
Too much we sought delight  
In strained pursuits, while here our truest  
pleasure lay.

—R. PURVIS-SMITH, '39.

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*Moore's — Open all night  
including Sunday*

## RIPE FRUIT

*So may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop  
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature.*

P. L. XI.

### I.

MRS. ATKINS lay in bed, staring apathetically at the brown patch on the ceiling, and vaguely trying to adjust her neat soul to the squalor of a back-room in a thirt-rate rooming-house. *Just my luck to have a room under the lavatory.* As her eyes followed the brown stain down the wallpaper, her mind sought about for an incentive to heave her body out of the bed, trying to form a plan out of a vast idleness.

A glimpse of Mrs. Atkins fifteen years before this Sunday morning would have led one to believe that violent catastrophe had brought her downfall. This was not the case. Mrs. Atkins was only one of many middle-class women whose lives had ceased with the departure of their husbands and children.

Back in that era known to her as "when Jim was alive," Jean Atkins had been something of a zealot in the performance of her wifely duties. Her dusting and mopping was fervent. She outdid her wifely neighbors in lacy aprons and in profusion of rosettes on her bed-throws and curtains. Nor were her efforts devoted to her home to the exclusion of her person. In the glow of her enthusiasm, she seized upon every opportunity to make herself the Model Wife, as conceived by Hollywood and American advertising companies. She watched her diet, gave herself facials to discourage the wrinkles; was careful to cry when the cookies burned; bought negligees trimmed with imitation ostrich feathers; and rubbed deodorant into her armpits every night. Lest it appear that Mrs. Atkins was interested only in things of the flesh, it must be added that she never missed a Sunday mass, and confessed regularly. In her more devout moments she liked to think of herself as tending her body as one would tend something foul, in the hope of making it more acceptable in the sight of God. Usually she didn't worry about justifying her preoccupation, but just went on perfecting herself.

This little idyll came to an end as idylls will. Jim Atkins, a lineman for the Street Railway Company, was killed while repairing some wires in an electric storm. The Company lawyer did not consider the catastrophe unusual, so Mrs. Atkins received only a small pension. Her son, a bookkeeper in Regina, showed an understandable reluctance to allow the presence of a doting mother to interrupt his

already modest sowing of bachelor wild oats, a sowing pathetically hampered by his small salary. So Jean Atkins was left face to face with the decay of her life, her husband, home and son lost, and her body no longer responding to her treatments. After two years she was still confused and at a loss to account for her uselessness.

This particular Sunday was no different from its immediate predecessors. Whetting her dull spirits upon the possibility that someone at church might invite her for dinner, Mrs. Atkins made the supreme effort. Up came the body; heavy and misshapen; the vast stomach settling down upon thin, flabby thighs. Grotesque, she stood trying not to see the decay of her body. She could put on her good corsets, her near-silk dress, her synthetic silk stockings, and it wouldn't look so bad. She shook her head to clear away the surging consciousness of lonesomeness, uselessness and decay. After all did the priest not say she was atoning for Man's Sin? Suddenly devout, she lumbered over to the closet muttering to herself . . . "Hail Mary, Mother of Jesus . . . Hail Mary, Mother . . . Mother."

## II.

The room might have belonged to a man whose life had been made rich and mellow through the possession of good books, whole shelves of them; but it didn't. It belonged to a woman and now she was sitting at the desk, writing nervously on a pad of paper . . .

*The room was pregnant with sadness. Mary's soft brown eyes gave back a deep copper glow to the log fire. The room was one in which work had been done . . . It had that spirit of . . . amiability that dull oak and brown leather gives forth . . . . Mary was still absorbed in the dull fire, when John Thatcher came quietly in, watched her for a moment, then spoke. "Mary," he said, . . . . . Suddenly the woman threw down her pen. "Oh, hell, what would he say?"*

Roger looked up from his paper. Hello, probably."

"Smarty. Oh, well, what do I care? I'm sick of writing stories anyway. I'm through."

"Tut, tut. Imagine Western Canada's most famous woman novelist saying that. Let's see, what was it Lambourne of the Press said? Quote: Elizabeth Warren has an intellectual intensity which reminds one of the better male novelists, Lloyd Douglas for instance. Her characters make an appeal to our intellect and not to our emotions. Miss Warren's latest novel, 'Jane Watkins, Author,' will satisfy the most exacting taste. Unquote."

Impatiently Elizabeth rose and walked to the window. "Oh, stop, Roger. Lambourne always was a fool. There are moments

when even I know I'm writing sentimental rot. This life is stifling me. "I've done all my living between the covers of books. I've turned myself into an unsexed old bluestocking. I should have married and had eleven children."

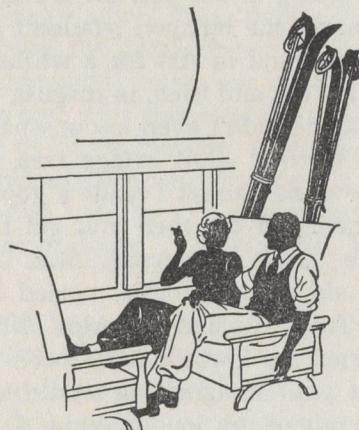
"Well, Betty, you had your choice twenty-five years ago, and I, personally, think you chose right."

"Why, Roger Knight, what are you saying!"

"I guess this is pretty strong, but thirty years' friendship ought to protect me, so I'm going to tell you the truth. Twenty-five years ago I asked you to marry me but you wouldn't give me an answer. You wanted to dabble round in Art for a while. For three years I hung around like a sick cat and then, in disgust, I married a woman who looked as though she didn't even know what tragedy was. She didn't, but she soon learned what bridge was, and gossiping over back fences. Just the same I think I made a good swop. God, I feel for you artistic women and the men you get hold of. You never get in touch with life. Look at yourself. M.A. '28, two years in an office, then twenty odd years of this, varied by school-teachers' expeditions into the Trossachs and the Alps. Not a breath of fresh air! If you had married me I would have been afraid to act like a normal man, for fear your imagination would squeeze a fat check from some publisher out of my love-making. I would have had to deal with hysterical wives, kids brought up to be geniuses. You would have dragged Hamlet to meals, into bed at night. Heaven preserve me from that! Gambling debts and offended neighbors are nothing compared to it."

No longer was there anything out in the shadow which took Elizabeth's attention. "I knew you never forgave me for not marrying me."

"Oh, forget it, Betty. I'm not saying it's your fault. It's the problem that confronts any modern woman capable of education. It's the bloody generosity with which the male animal has thrown open a new and forbidden world of emotions to the female, without supplying the scale of values, or expecting it all to make any difference in a woman. Betty, you are a damn good example of the results of higher education for women. You're an extreme case and easy to analyze, an anarchy of emotions and not one atom of ethics in your whole virgin body. Just keep on with your stories and don't let Eve get the upper hand as she did tonight. You'll be happiest that way. Well I'd better be off or Bertha will be suing you for alienation of affection. She has always suspected you. She doesn't know you."



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"You'll have it — I've brought plenty of Sweet Caps!"

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The anger faded out of Elizabeth's eyes. Her goodbye was amiable if rather absent. As the door closed behind Roger, she walked back to the desk, murmuring . . .

"Mary," he said, "you look very beautiful tonight."

"Only sad, John," answered Mary, "the Eve in me has the upper hand tonight. I'm thinking of all the children I should have had and didn't have."

### III.

Ruth lay awake, vaguely aware of the lean strength of her husband's body. She envied him his deep sleep, and tried vainly to school herself into relaxation. Finally she sat up hugging her knees. She looked down at Gregor's sharp cheekbones and at the angular contours of his large, thin, loose-limbed body. Shadows etched grotesque hollows in his cheeks, and drew her eyes to the black jagged forms of the leafless oak-trees outside. Strange how she could not leave this drab prairie city behind her! She had fled to the other end of the world and here she was again. Familiar landscape churned up the old struggle. A childhood passed just on the edge of poverty. Four hard-earned years in university. Two years of being kicked about from one worthless job to another. Visions crumbling. Various impulses to flight; a nunnery, the backwoods. Both these solutions meant isolation however, and a lately crumbled vision of self-worth and sanity made Ruth a little uncertain of her ability to work out her salvation alone. Educate a woman to think, press her on all sides with cheap jobs, poor wages, senseless survivals from the China Doll Age, and expect her to come out of it as placid as a deep pool. Your expectations will be disappointed. You get a half-fledged, bewildered creature. Such was the Ruth who fled in the only direction in which she saw any hope. Once safely sheltered on a collective farm, she pressed her forehead into the flanks of the cows after the best Hardy fashion and became a successful and respected milkmaid. Contentment increased in an atmosphere which took successful female labors for granted. The hope, remote though it had been, had proven true. Ruth had known that for centuries the women of Eastern Europe had done men's work in the fields. Therefore, in this new time of emancipation, they should not be in the position of absurdly pampered children, possessed of one more bauble which they could not use for want of experience and opportunity. In this atmosphere, Ruth rose from milkmaid to agronom without exciting wonder. She became the real modern woman; a being capable of creation only as a result of work done, and corresponding not at all to the mythical modern woman of the western

world created by charity and crammed with erudition. As agronomists, she and her husband were sent back to Manitoba, where weed problems similar to that on their collective farm had been studied for several years. As she sat up in the night, she thought over the privileges she had lost. The right to have her bundles carried. The right to be escorted home after dark. And the gain? The right not to be pampered. The right to work as she pleased without exciting wonder.

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## REVERY

(Translated from the French of Victor Hugo)

By MARGARET McCULLOCH

O H leave me! 'Tis the hour when 'neath encircling mist  
Th' horizon bows its heavy brows, temples smoke  
kiss'd;  
The hour when blushes red and sinks the giant star.  
The vasty yellowing wood alone gildeth the hill.  
It seems these days, as autumn lingereth still,  
That forest leaves with wind and rain now rusted  
are.

Oh who will bring to birth, will sudden cause to  
gleam

Yonder—while I alone by my window dream,  
And while at the end of the passage the shadow  
unfold—

Some dazzling Moorish city radiant bright,  
Which, e'en as a full sheaf of arrows loos'd in  
flight,  
Will rend this curtain fog with spear-like spires  
of gold.

O genii, send that city t'inspire and set aflame  
My songs dull-dyed like autumn skies with brown-  
hued stain!

Oh may its magic beauty be reflected in my eye  
And may its long, soft crooning a muffled melody  
Deep scarfed in mist, and thousand towered, with  
palaces faëry,

Be etched in lacy pattern 'gainst the violet of the  
sky.

## GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS

By R. J. LEIGHTON

*"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:  
England hath need of thee; she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters;"*

ANY perusal of Canadian history cannot but reveal the fact that during two of its most dynamic periods, the eras of struggle for responsible government, and of confederation, the part played by the press and its representatives in both the political and social life of Canada, was outstanding. No little of both the political and social history of those days may be effectively summed up in the works and careers of their newspaper editors. Howe and Brown, Mackenzie and Hincks, to mention but the more prominent, are still symbols of fascinating interest. Their careers and personalities spell out much of what is really significant for us as students of those remote and shadowy ages, and their importance to the daily life of their contemporary readers, whom they delighted or antagonized, was greater still.

When one glances at the daily press of the present generation, no such impression is gained. Very little of the leadership of the community on local, national, or international questions, comes from that once honored profession and institution. One does not live one's life today, as did so many grand old Ontario-ans, under the guidance of the "Bible and the Globe." The only Canadian spiritual descendant of those early "Knights of the pen," the respected editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, despite his many contributions to the life of his times, makes a rather insignificant figure in comparison. And he is but one, whereas they were almost legion.

This change in affairs journalistic cannot be accounted for, as some would have us believe, by saying that the press of today has become too partisan and hence ineffective. Our publications are not partisan—they are propagandist. Editors in these enlightened times are but shadows of their earlier prototypes. Those journalists of an earlier age really knew what *wormwood and bitter aloes* meant, and beside them the present crop seem purveyors of insipid fancy rather than the dispensers of satiric but terse truth. In spite of what some would call their partiality, or partisanship, or prejudice, those earlier journalists of Canada did somehow manage to tell the truth, and at the same time continue to be read and have their opinions sincerely considered and accounted something. They spoke continuously and fervently over a period of years in which great events were taking place; yet they managed consistently to say

WHEN YOU CALL TO SEE YOUR  
GIRL AND YOU FIND SOME CHAP  
HAS "BEAT YOU TO IT" . . .



THE BEST  
MILK CHOCOLATE MADE

things that were, and still are, considered significant. Can any in Canada today match such a record as that, or does the future seem likely to serve us better in this connection? Partisanship will not suffice to explain the present innocuous position of the press.

Neither can we ascribe the disparity noticed to the invasion of the advertiser into the realm of journalism. The writer had the opportunity of viewing an old copy of the *Globe* recently, and the ratio of advertising to other printed material in it was quite equal to that present in the modern dailies. The advertising has changed in form, it is true, and the present advertiser is doubtless quick to demand that due respect be paid his interests; but these earlier advertisers were also problems for editors. The advertising was there, and advertisers are a group whose characteristics are innate and similar—be they of the age of Solomon, Edward III, or George VI, the advertiser constitutes a serious challenge to editorial authority in any generation. But whereas men such as Brown, Howe and Co., were able to overcome or disregard this policy-pointing group, their descendants in the journalistic line are apparently incapable of so doing.

The difference in part would seem to be with the journalists themselves. There is a failure of spirit among modern newspaper-men not evidenced by their predecessors. Today's crop is in more senses than one, one of "lesser men." And when the added mechanical advantages of the last six decades are considered, the outlook is gloomy indeed.

But to describe the lost influence of the press solely in terms of the moral fibre and character of the journalists and to designate this alone as the cause of that lost prestige is, of course, ridiculous. That is not to minimize the importance of character, as revealed in the men of the press, as a factor in the present marked decline of that institution's influence. But to look at the matter fairly, it becomes necessary to confess that the modern reader is a much poorer specimen than his counterpart of the past. It is necessary to admit that to a large degree the newspaper must print what its readers will pay to have printed. The modern reader rarely possesses the interest in important things required to force journalists to provide such reading material. Too seldom do the readers of today get beyond the sport page and funnies, or the society column and the front page scandal sheet. When they do turn to the places which purport to deal with the serious in life, little of real value is to be found.

A vicious circle has been uncovered by asking these impertinent questions in regard to modern journalism. It is a "sign of our times," as Carlyle would have said. Democracy in this instance has evi-

## JAMES H. ASHDOWN, Progressive

Was born in London, England, March 31st, 1844. His parents came to Canada West and settled on a farm in Etobicoke township. Later a store started in Weston failed and then at 14 years of age he went with his parents to a farm in Brant County. At Hespeler in the store of John Zryd he received his first introduction to the hardware business.

In looking for a place which promised large developments he went first to Chicago and then to Kansas. Then he turned his attention to Red River where he arrived June 30th, 1868.

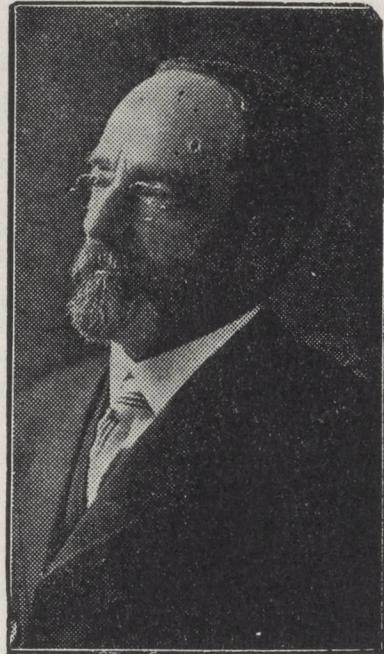
After a few months investigation he purchased a hardware business in the autumn of 1869. The territory was then passing from the fur trader to the settler and private business. He saw that connection with Canada promised for Rupert's Land development and British sovereignty. Though his support of the Canadian party caused a long imprisonment under Riel in 1869-70 yet his judgment was vindicated when the territory finally became Canadian in May-July, 1870.

He looked upon the locality as the site of the future metropolis of the West. A steady increase had brought the population in November, 1872, to 1467 persons. Police protection, city surveys, fire protection and water supply, except that obtained in barrels drawn on carts from the river, were lacking. Fort Garry, Main Street, Point Douglas and St. Johns were contending for the centre of the new urban development. Mr. Ashdown insisted that Main Street (Winnipeg) be the centre and that the incorporation be that of a city. As chairman of the committee to secure this corporation he refused the status of a village and of a town. In February, 1873, the storm broke, the speaker of the Legislature was mobbed and the bill was dead. After another attempt in 1874 incorporation as a city was secured.

In 1874 the main line of the C.P.R. was projected about 20 miles north of the city. A branch line joining the C.P.R. with the Northern Pacific was planned east of the Red River. Winnipeg would not be served by even the branch line for there was no bridge. Citizens visualized the building of another city and the abandonment of much of the development of the last decade. In conjunction with others, Mr. Ashdown undertook successfully the bringing into the city of the first railway from Canada.

The coming of the railway did not bring all the benefits expected. A clause in the Charter of the C.P.R. consolidated the monopoly and a clandestine arrangement with the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway fastened an unbearable freight tariff on all Western Canada. The struggle began in 1883. When it was at its height in 1887 and 1888 Mr. Ashdown was chairman of the Winnipeg Board of Trade and forwarded a scathing protest to the shareholders of the C.P.R. The government of the Dominion of Canada disallowed the Acts of the Provincial Legislature providing for railways to ensure competition and lower rates. He stood with others contending that Manitoba was made to pay, by high freight rates, the loss of the C.P.R. on through freight carried in competition with United States Railways, and, "that no emigrant will locate himself, if he can help it,

(Continued on page 31)



denced but another realm in which its disintegrating influence is apparent. The fact that the American brand of democracy has given a greater scope to the journalist, also means that the quality of the readers, taken as a whole, has deteriorated. Greater numbers have been given the advantage of a newspaper, and as a result of this a cheaper newspaper has been created. Since democracy admits equality in each individual's right to determine policy and content, one person's dollar being quite as good as the next's, policy and content have suffered. Instead of the increased circulation of the modern newspaper providing increasing opportunities and means for a quality product, the reverse is true.

It is the accepted and easy role for the student, to assume an attitude of contempt for the efforts of the world at large. The academic easily condemns the "lesser breeds without the law," but with what justification? When one turns the critical faculties upon academic journals, a startling realization of their own inadequacy on the same counts is manifest. These "select" publications have followed the same trend. Student journals are quite as poor in content as those of the outside world, student journalists quite as characterless, and student readers quite as docile and inane. These publications, bred in the atmosphere of "sweet reasonableness" are not "the intelligent man's guide to" journalism. They do not set a standard to which the press of the *real world* may look for inspiration. The intelligentsia of Canada is utterly unworthy, in this regard, of the "high calling to which it is called." The tendency to deterioration of the press in the modern student world has been so outstanding as to warrant "viewing with alarm." Student contributions to the local dailies of late have not been calculated to raise the quality of material to be found in those newspapers, much less to raise the opinion of the public as to the students themselves. Manitoba's faculty magazines in recent years have, with few exceptions, pandered to a lower mentality than might be expected. The type of material appreciated by University groups, as evidenced in the aforementioned publications, leave much to be desired, if not indicating a hitherto unsuspected depravity among the "future leaders of the nation!" The increase in journalistically inclined students who are willing to deal in unmitigated trash would make a sensitive person bury himself for solace in the works of the Fathers of Canadian Journalism.

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## IF I MAY

## PARNASSUS

We thought this month that a check list of our best biography would be appreciated. These books are interesting and guaranteed to chase that spring fever away.

BATHO, EDITH C.	The Later Wordsworth.
BLANCHARD, F. T.	Fielding the Novelist.
BROOKS, VAN WYCK	Life of Emerson.
CHESTERTON, G. K.	Chaucer.
COLQUHOUN, A. H. V.	Press, Politics and People, the life of Sir John Willison.
CONNELLY, WILLARD	Brawny Wycherley.
COOK, E. T.	Life of Ruskin, 2 vol.
COOPER, DUFF	Talleyrand.
EDGAR, PELHAM	Henry James.
FAUSSETT, H. L'A.	Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
FAY, BERNARD	Roosevelt and His America.
FROUDE, J. A.	Thomas Carlyle, 2 vol.
GARVIN, J. L.	Joseph Chamberlain, 3 vol.
GEORGE, LLOYD	War Memoirs, 2 vol.
GOSSE, EDMUND	Congreve.
GRUBE, G. M. A.	Plato's Thought.
HOBHOUSE, CHRISTOPHER	Charles James Fox.
JAMES, HENRY	Nathaniel Hawthorne.
LEGOUIS, EMILE	Chaucer.
MATTHEWS, BRANDER	Moliere.
RENWICKE, W. L.	Spencer.
ROY, J. A.	Joseph Howe.
SITWELL, EDITH	Alexander Pope.

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## IGNATIUS LOYOLA

### A GENERAL OF THE CHURCH MILITANT

*By ROBERT HARVEY, M.A., B.D., D.Th.,  
Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, 1936, 265 pp.*

*By W. A. McKAY*

“ON THE eve of the Annunciation, March 24th, 1522, he carried out a project that had formed in his mind. When it was dark he divested himself of his rich raiment and gave it later on to a beggar. He clad himself in coarse, sacklike clothing that he had previously bought, and took his place before the altar of Our Lady. There throughout the night he kept his vigil, alternately kneeling and standing in prayer. ‘He had read that the knights of the new chivalry kept in the church an all-night watch over their armor, and he desired to imitate them.’ Christ was indeed calling him as captain in his sacred army and his life of holy warfare had begun.”

If one is safe in saying that few world-wide organizations have been so powerful as the Society of Jesus, one may also say that few organizations have been so misunderstood. Most Canadians when asked what order of churchmen did the first missionary work among the Indians in Canada will reply unhesitatingly, the Jesuits. The truth of the matter is that the Jesuits were preceded in Canada by the Recollet fathers, and did not come to Quebec until 1625. However, they soon supplanted their predecessors, and within a few years were in undisputed control of the spiritual life of Canada. Champlain’s approval did a great deal to strengthen their position. He assisted them to the utmost of his ability and at his death bequeathed to them a part of his estates. They set aside a definite part of the Canadian wilderness, which they called Huronia, in which to protect the natives from a too sudden contact with foreign influence. This project which had succeeded to a degree in Paraguay, was signally unsuccessful in Canada, a result no doubt of a combination of circumstances, chief among which may be placed the Iroquois raids upon the peaceful Jesuit colonies.

In spite of the fact that a too rigid adherence to a method wrecked their plan for Christianizing the natives, the spirit in which they endured hardships for their cause, and their work of exploring the St. Lawrence and Mississippi basin has reserved them a place in the Canadian Saga. Brebeuf, Chaumont; Rageneau, the discoverer of the falls at Niagara; Le Jeune and Vimont, the chroniclers of Nicolet’s voyage to the upper reaches of Lake Superior; Fathers

## THE COLLEGE OF TODAY IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

(Continued from page 9)

discover the humanistic setting, the scholarship aim, and the aptitude bent? Education, cultural and practical, can never be obtained by endless sipping through Coca-Cola straws or through nice choices of favorite nut-bars! No, my dears, life is more strenuous than that. Nothing less than classroom instruction, and library research, and home and community and church experimentation will suffice in the College of Today if we are to be the leaders of or even citizens of the World of Tomorrow.

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Jogues and Raymbault, who tried in vain to save the French colony by Christianizing the Iroquois themselves, all these are names known wherever Canadian History is read, and wherever deeds of heroism are admired.

In most European countries of Roman Catholic persuasion and in England, the Jesuits are remembered mainly for their political and religious intrigues, which culminated their final expulsion from these countries in the nineteenth century. Their position has only been partly recovered with great difficulty. The English attitude is summed up in Borrow's "Lavengro" and the "Bible in Spain," the attitude of a large body of French citizens in Eugene Sue's "The Wandering Jew." For a century the reorganized Society of Jesus has been trying to live down the evil results of adopting the attitude that "the end justifies the means."

The supreme driving force behind the fathers was their sense of duty and of dedication. In his book "Ignatius Loyola" Dr. Harvey has brought this phase of the Jesuit ministry into bold relief. The book is moulded on a definite plan which draws the attention of the reader to the fact that the Jesuit order was a military order, founded by a man who was aristocratic in the ancient sense of the term, an aristocrat when to be one meant being continually at the service of the state. Ignatius was reared at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, spent his youth fighting against the French, and turned to religion after being wounded in an engagement at Pampeluna. Dr. Harvey describes in some detail the events of Ignatius' conversion.

Almost every page of Dr. Harvey's book is haunted by ghosts of a bygone age, spirits known to the early days of the Jesuits come often to his aid in giving a lifelike and authoritative picture of the beginnings of the movement. However, other ghosts sometimes come to life and these, alas, are not so welcome to the reader. The use of ancient oblique construction and archaic words, "divest," "raiment," are scarcely to be met in any work of the last century, and, while they introduce at times a pleasing sense of the ancient, and a flavor of the original in Dr. Harvey's work, one does feel after a continued repetition of these archaisms that a more modern style and language would appeal to a wider circle of readers.

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Dr. Harvey makes a careful analysis of the difficulties which the order encountered in attempting to establish itself, and his use of authoritative documents is a real contribution to the history of the period. Loyola's work in attempting to make his order a more Christian body than those in existence at that time, has been overlooked. Here it receives adequate treatment, to say the least. Dr. Harvey lifts whole sections from the original works and incorporates them in his book without judging his author from any but a purely Jesuit standpoint, and one feels that his work is the loser.

Throughout the book one is impressed by the spirit of loyalty and disinterestedness shown by the early Jesuits, and cannot but feel that it was due in large measure to the personal characteristics of the first and greatest of generals. He has left the reader entirely in the dark concerning any later developments in Jesuit history. Here would have been a point of contact between the Protestant author and his material, however, he has seen fit to close his study with the period which was also closed by the death of the founder of the order.

## An Interesting Fact!

Grace Moore's Secretary was a student of the Dominion Business College, Winnipeg, just two years ago!

*"Not failure, but low aim is crime."*

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## JAMES H. ASHDOWN, Progressive

(Continued from page 24)

where his very existence is dependent on the whim of a single railroad corporation." As a special constable he took part in those stirring days just after the middle of October, 1888. The two opposing forces faced each other at Fort Whyte. Here the C.P.R. blocked the crossing of their south west line by a railway which would connect the Red River Valley (The Northern Pacific) Railroad with the Manitoba and North-Western at Portage la Prairie. However the crossing was completed, the railroads connected and the freight tariff lowered between Winnipeg and Port Arthur.

In 1889 he expanded his business by purchasing a hardware store in Calgary. Then during the next decade the business in Winnipeg was placed in modern buildings. In 1900 a special Ashdown train carrying one thousand tons of hardware was sent to different points in the West. Two years later the J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co. Limited was incorporated and in 1904 the Diamond A mark was devised and registered.

In 1906 Winnipeg was threatened with a deficiency in the water supply. There were millions of dollars of unsold bonds, an overdraft at the bank, and the civic government needed reorganization consequent to the establishment of a Board of Control. They had decided, because of high rates for electricity, to establish a municipal hydro-electric plant at Point du Bois. The citizens turned to Mr. Ashdown and elected him Mayor for 1907 and then re-elected him in 1908 to complete this program.

When others were hesitating regarding the public ownership of utilities he issued in 1906 an explicit statement over his own signature. "I am in favor of the principle of public ownership of all public utilities which includes that of the telephone."

As early as 1869 he became trustee of Grace Methodist Church. He assisted in the founding of Wesley College in 1888, the building of the main building in 1894-96 and Sparling Hall 1912, and he gave largely to its endowments and maintenance. The Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A., the Children's Aid Society benefited by his advice and financial assistance. He was a Life Member of the Winnipeg General Hospital Board.

On July 23rd, 1906, he was appointed chairman of a commission charged with securing a suitable and adequate supply of water. Upon his election to office as Mayor, 1907, he resigned this chairmanship but was at once re-appointed. The Commission in that year recommended the Winnipeg River as the source of supply and pressed for the fulfilment of their plan. Financial difficulties intervened. In 1912 the matter was taken up again and the next year Mr. Ashdown was again on the commission to complete the work. The new supply was available in Winnipeg March 29th, 1919. On June 20th, 1920, the work being completed, Mr. Ashdown resigned but was appointed Honorary Chairman and held this position until his death, April 5th, 1924.

A.S.C.

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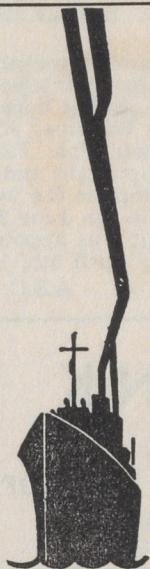
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